

—THE— Lexington Intelligencer

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All communications to go into print in THE INTELLIGENCER must be signed.

The Kansas City Star insults the intelligence of its readers in a preface to Joseph Tumulty's "Woodrow Wilson As I Know Him." By craftiness peculiar to the Star, it confesses that it is good business to publish Tumulty's book, but insidiously warns the reader that it is mostly fiction, and not to be taken seriously—because the Star had guessed wrong in so many instances—especially in the case of the blatant Roosevelt and the imperial potentate, Leonard Wood, M. D. Of the many metropolitan papers publishing this book, the Star is probably the only one unwilling to let its readers draw their own conclusions.

How to Avoid Diabetes.

Columbia, Mo., Nov. 1.—Diabetes is a disease seen chiefly after the age of 35 years, though it may occur at any age, according to Dr. M. P. Ravenel of the School of Medicine of the University of Missouri, president of the American Public Health Association. Apparently diabetes is on the increase in the United States, and it is estimated that one million persons suffer with diabetes in this country. It is a disorder of nutrition, the earliest manifestation of which is the appearance of sugar in the urine. The underlying cause is injury to the pancreas, probably by infections of various kinds. The chief secondary, or exciting cause is errors of diet, especially the excessive use of sugar and starch.

Persons who are much overweight are especially liable to the disease, and it is rarely seen in those who are below the average normal weight. A tendency to the disease may be inherited, and those belonging to families in which it has occurred should avoid use of starch and sugar, and keep themselves below normal weight. In reducing weight diet and exercise are the important factors. The diet should be reduced only under the advice of a competent physician or dietitian. The reducing diet should not be arduous or weakening. Fat cannot be made out of nothing, and normal weight can be maintained by adjustment of the food intake to the needs of the body. The body nitrogen must always be safeguarded by giving sufficient protein. Occasionally, overweight is due to disorders of certain glands, but generally it means overeating and lack of exercise.

A restricted diet given to reduce weight can easily be made both appetizing and filling by good preparation and the choice of bulky foods. With few exceptions anyone can reduce both safely and comfortably.

The early detection of sugar in the urine is of great importance. For months or years this may be the only symptom, and if diet is begun early these cases almost always do well. The great point is to begin to diet before the person is aware of illness, and this can be determined only by examinations of the urine once or twice each year. Even more delicate tests are now easily made, and if people can be induced to take these examinations even when not feeling sick, both the frequency and the number of deaths from diabetes can be very much lessened.

IT HAPPENED IN LEXINGTON

And Is Happening to Lexington People Every Week.

The case told below is not an uncommon thing. The same occurs frequently and will continue to happen as long as folks have kidneys and overtax the kidneys.

W. E. Tarlton, retired farmer, 2008 Main St., says: "I am a man past seventy-seven years of age. Years ago I was troubled a great deal with kidney weakness. Every muscle in my back was sore and lame and sharp twinges of pain would often catch me in the small of my back. My kidneys were weak and the secretions were highly colored and contained sediment. I read about Doan's Kidney Pills and bought some at Marshall's Drug Store. Relief soon followed and it was not long before Doan's Kidney Pills cured me up in good shape. I certainly think Doan's are a fine kidney remedy."

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Maj and Mrs. Sandford Sellers, Jr., went to Kansas City Sunday evening to attend the American Legion convention.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. McFadin and Warner Bishop drove to Kansas City Sunday to attend the American Legion convention.

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By FREDERICK HART.

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"What do you think of your chances?"

"Well, Mr. Cutler, I hardly know. If I can carry the Ninth I'll be all right."

"Charlie, that's a big contract!" The man addressed as Charlie looked gloomily at the fire. He was a young man who would, at first glance, be passed as rather ordinary and unassuming; but there was something about his manner that compelled a second glance; and that second glance showed that his quiet manner really indicated repressed power. His clean-cut mouth and chin belonged to no weak character. His companion was a man many years his senior; a fine-looking man of fifty, with a white mustache and imperial.

"Charlie," continued Mr. Cutler thoughtfully, "I've set my heart on having you elected district attorney. It's a post that needs just such a man as you are to fill it; but the people aren't awake. Election's only two weeks off, and they still cling to their old traditions. Particularly in the Ninth. It looks bad."

Charles Livingston nodded gloomily. His whole ambition centered around his election to the coveted post which he sought; and not only his ambition but his heart's desire was involved. For Phyllis Cutler, the daughter of the man who was now speaking in tones of discouragement, filled his heart as his political ambition filled his mind. He loved her, and was aware that she returned the sentiment; but there was no use speaking to her stern father unless he could point to a strong position honorably won. He must win that election! And yet without the all-important Ninth ward—the social center of the city—he was helpless.

And he had no social position. He had come from the country five years before and by superhuman struggles had made a success of law; in his practice he had become acquainted with Col. Hubert Cutler, and through him had met Phyllis—met her and lost his heart to her, all on the same evening. And now he was candidate for district attorney in opposition to the machine! It was an honor; but what a disgrace if he lost! And he needed the Ninth to win. Colonel Cutler had already confessed his inability to swing that deciding ward.

The two men sat in silence. Then Livingston rose and bade the colonel good-night. As he was passing out through the entrance hall he heard a light step behind him and a voice that he knew and loved called softly: "Charlie!"

"Yes, Phyll?" He allowed some of his discouragement to creep into his voice.

"Charlie, I heard all that you and daddy said. Is it so important to carry the Ninth ward?"

"It's vital, dear, and if it isn't done I won't be elected, and I can't ask your father for the thing I want so much."

The girl in the dim hallway kissed him. "Don't be discouraged, dear. If daddy won't have you unless you're district attorney, why we'll just have to make you district attorney, that's all."

"But, Phyll!" he smiled, in spite of his discouragement, at her impulsiveness. "I can't get any influence in the Ninth. The machine has prevented your father—the only one I know in that ward—from using his influence. He's helpless, and so am I. I must make the best fight that I know how—that's all anyone can do."

"Charlie, dear, don't be discouraged. It'll all come right—just you wait!" And with these words and a parting kiss she was gone.

But as election time approached, Charles Livingston was forced to confess to himself that all was coming far from right. His standing and personality assured him an even break throughout the city except in the fatal Ninth ward. There there would be just enough against him to swing the election to his opponent. He went through the work preceding the momentous day mechanically, and when election day itself came round he set himself to watch the returns with stoical resignation.

He was in his office at 9 that night, having eaten nothing since breakfast. His faithful secretary and a few friends were with him. Most of the returns were in, and the results showed what everybody knew—that the Ninth would swing the balance one way or the other. His secretary turned to answer the telephone.

"Here comes the Ninth, chief!" he cried in a shaking voice.

"And here goes our chance," replied Livingston. But even as the words were on his lips, the secretary uttered a cry of triumph. "Chief! Chief! You carried the Ninth by 1,800! We win! We win!"

The shock of the unexpected words threw Livingston off his mental balance for an instant. When he recovered himself he heard wild footsteps on the stairs and a great shouting in the streets. The city was celebrating his election and his friends were rushing to congratulate him. He had won!

Very late that night, when the last well-wisher had retired and the last rocket had spluttered and died, Livingston went into the room where he had before consulted with Colonel Cutler. He had come to the Cutler house to receive his friends, as the colonel had

invited him, as his own office was too small. Now that his battle was over he wanted his reward.

"Well, my boy, I don't see any objection if Phyllis doesn't," said the colonel. "You won your victory and you deserve her. To tell you the truth, I didn't think you'd do it, for the Ninth seemed dead against us. I couldn't stir to help you. I'd give something to know what swung it your way."

Into the room there burst Phyllis—a laughing, a happy Phyllis.

"Oh, daddy, I was listening again. I'm so glad you want Charlie as much as I do. And I'm so happy! And—listen!" She drew the two men confidentially to her. "I carried the Ninth myself!"

"What?" Colonel Cutler could hardly believe his ears.

"Yes, I did. You men were helpless—I knew that—but don't forget that we women have votes and influence—and every girl in the Ninth is a personal friend of mine! Social position does help, sometimes. I talked to them and convinced them that Charlie was the man, and they voted for him and made their men friends vote for him. That's all."

"Oh!" Colonel Cutler's voice was amazed. "And what arguments did you use? Did you tell them what a wonderful thing it would be for the town and all that sort of thing?"

"I did not! I told them—I told them that Charlie and I couldn't get married unless he was elected—and that's all!"

ONE OF EARTH'S OLD STORIES

Almost All Peoples Have Had Some Legend Concerning "The Man in the Moon."

The story of "the man in the moon" is very old. Nearly everyone who knows of the good-natured old gentleman who watches from afar by night to see that all goes well on this globe. In many pictures the moon is to be seen with a broad, smiling face looking down on earth.

The presence of "the man in the moon" was accounted for by the Chaldeans, Egyptians, Greeks and Romans with different stories. All the stories, however, agreed in that the man was banished to the moon for unbecoming conduct on earth. But he evidently didn't object to the change in abode. On the contrary, his smile would seem to indicate that he was highly pleased with his new surroundings. And he's still smiling. The moon must be a good place to live on. But maybe the old gentleman smiles because of what he sees. Who wouldn't?

The most modern story, though it is hundreds of years old, is that of the old man who went to a forest to collect wood for his fire. It was Sunday, but still he needed warmth. An angel met him returning with his bundle on his shoulders, and asked him if he had forgotten it was Sunday, when all men should rest. The weary old man replied that Sunday and Monday were alike to him, as he had to work every day to feed and warm himself. The angel said that as he could not observe Sunday on earth he should observe "Monday" in heaven forever. So now the man in the moon is still seen on a clear night, with the fagot of wood on his shoulder.

United States Embassies.

A glance at the names of the few countries where the United States minister is appropriately installed in his official mansion betrays a rather eccentric choice. Instead of London, Paris, Rome, we find diplomatic residences in Bangkok, Peking and Morocco. The location at Peking is particularly creditable, being of substantial masonry and placed in a spacious compound. That so worthy a reservation should have been acquired to the heart of Peking might strike the traveler curiously. When did congress become so generously well disposed toward our diplomat in China? The rather shame-faced answer is that we never bought it. In the boxer rebellion of 1900, United States marines occupied that particular piece of territory, and, in a sense, they have occupied it ever since.—Terressa Long in World's Work.

The Millennium.

Millennium is a term applied in theology to the thousand years during which Satan will be bound and the martyred saints live and reign with Christ—Revelations 20:2-3. This long triumph is to be preceded by the decisive victory of Christ over the adversary, and followed by a general resurrection and the temporary release of Satan; then comes the last judgment and the new heaven and new earth—Revelations 20:21.

Attempts to fix the date of the advent, the second coming, the dawn of the millennium have been proved by lapse of time to have been failures. Some of the dates that have been fixed for the beginning of the millennium have been 1785, by a man named Stilling; 1836, by Bengel; 1843, by Miller; 1866, 1867 and 1868, by Dr. Cunningham.

Two Resemblances.

She—Did you ever see the two Jacksons?

He—Yes.

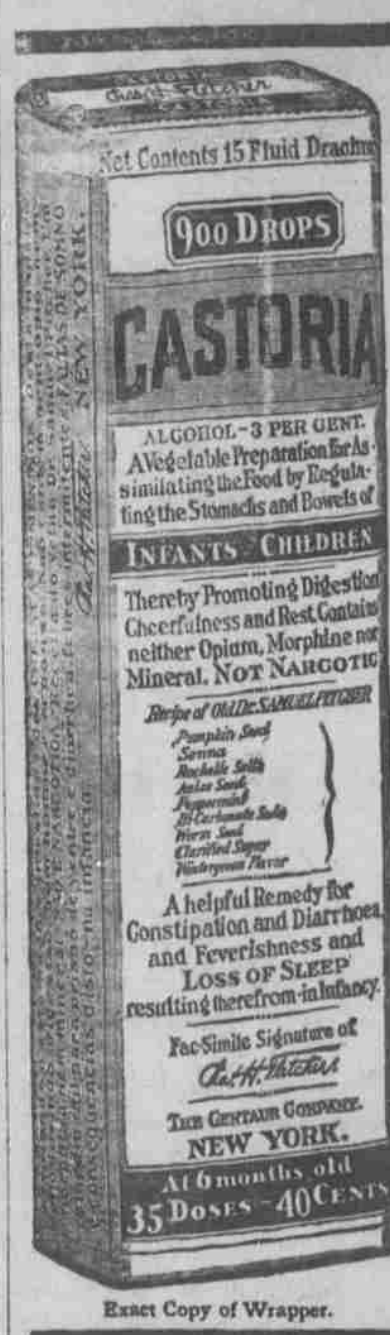
"Don't you think the boy is a perfect photograph of his father?"

"Yes; and I think the girl is the photograph of her mother."

Well Named.

Professor (endeavoring to impress his class the definition of cynic): Young man, what would you call a man who pretends to know everything?

Senior—A professor!—Lehigh Burr.



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